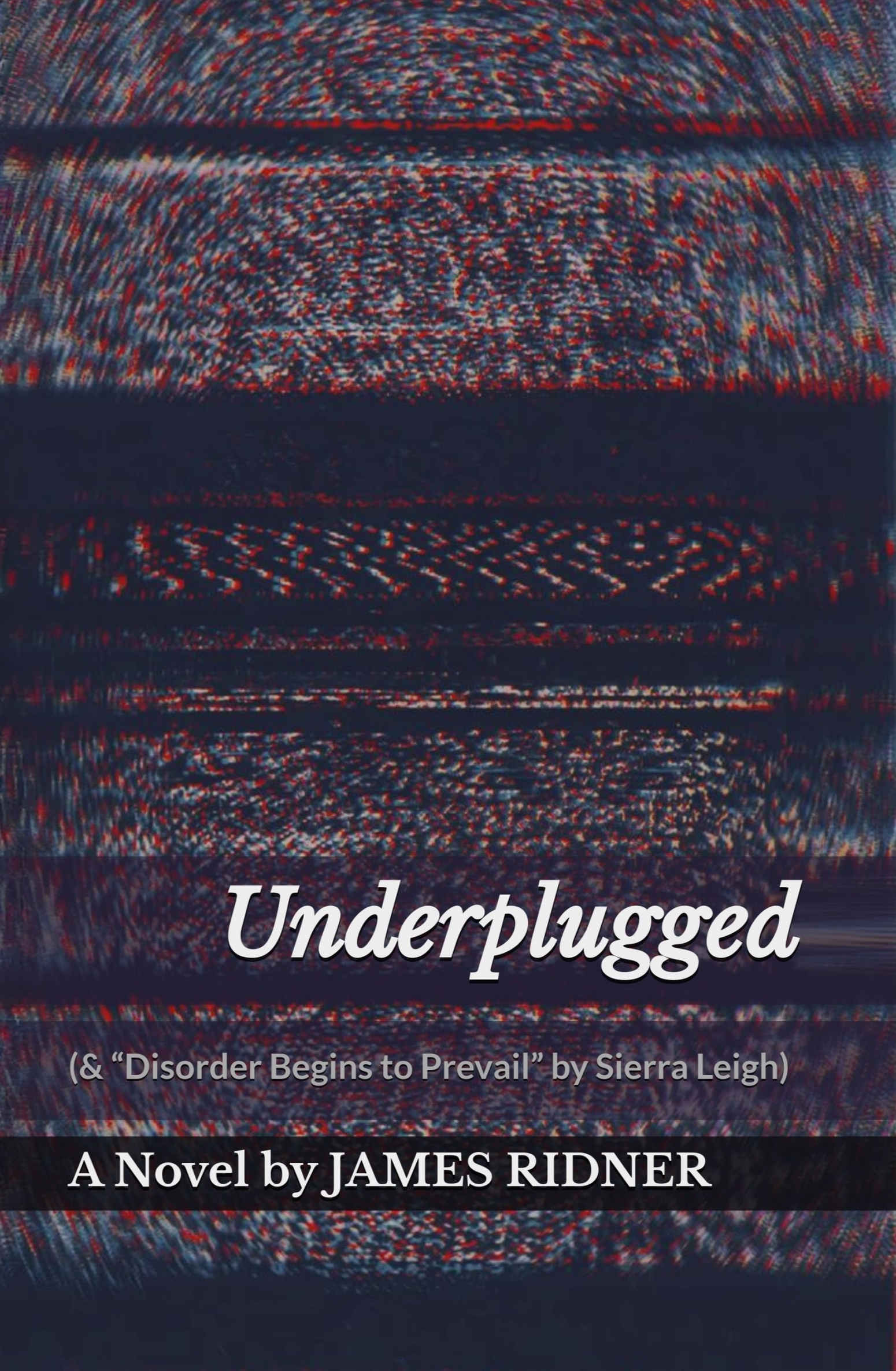
Underplugged
(& “Disorder Begins to Prevail” by Sierra Leigh)
A Novel by JAMES RIDNER

UNDERPLUGGED

James Ridner

TRANSMISSIONS

88.8 MHz — Temporal Junction

Torn-out papers from an open, eroded composition notebook scattered haphazardly on the floor, basking in the dim fluorescence reflected overhead, polished into a single-file arrangement—the room was a chaotic mess. Odorless sweat dripped down from palms glued together by the messy stack. I immediately leapt from the nest with utmost confidence, determined to enlist help from Sierra and Darcy.

"Halt!" I exclaimed, sprinting an unspecified meter run toward the living room. Making entry, I froze dead in my tracks, perturbed by the eerie hush, papers still glued by palm sweat.

I'm trembling. Distraught. Rabid. Hysteric. In confusion. Running. More than one can bear. *Enough already!* I vented. *Enough!*

My knees succumbed to gravity, at which point Sierra's eyes, from my blurry field of vision, met mine—but there appeared an overt emptiness in her eye contact, as if it were a projection from a distant realm.

Abutting her right, an old friend beckoned me closer, holding in hand something fuzzy. Like any good friend, he's waving at me.

"Whaddup duuude, hue hue hue? This one's on the house."

Confused, I approached him, my mind racing with questions. *What was his deal? I'm*

here to tell him the big news. Shit, man. No time for his damn games. But before I could speak, darkness enveloped me.

My eyes… they began shutting… plunging me into a familiar abyss…. This feeling was nostalgic… it hadn't been forgotten…. Just like fine wine… eternally youthful.

91.1 MHz — Butterfly Effect

I've known speed, in the crude sense of being obligatory to my functioning, and hadn't struggled until the fateful age of 18, at first partaking occasionally, until my demise at the hands of racemate, that led me to my current position. This child's hyperactive, yet harmless, mind was raped by the sweet tang that which refused to escape my taste buds and since has been integrated into life itself and nothing absolutely nothing can be tends to in the absence of it.

I'm only one of many casualties to the psychotic machine of getting kids spun to sit still in school, simultaneously leaving them with a chronic insanity which has since encapsulated me in an impenetrable fortress, no matter the ingenuity of my efforts. What's done to the youth by psychiatry is built upon the oppression already existent in our contemporary livelihoods.

It's hard to forget how the butterfly effect came to be—from a doctor-signed script for Adderall XR, myself only 11, and at that moment newly anointed—half prophet, half lab rat—buzzing with a synthetic clarity that made the world hum like a live wire. It's important to note, however, this in itself causes no uptick in risk beyond the trivial, according to the literature, and therefore shall be omitted from the "list of suspects" in the events later on.

Thirteen brought into fire Vyvanse, in response to mood disturbances induced by Adderall's comedown—being beyond a child's beating. It was for everyday usage, perhaps that being a contributor to dependence on the drug. Nothing of significance took shape until my sweet sixteenth, during which I double-dosed, experiencing for the first time supratherapeutic effects to a drug. It was not enough to attenuate the morning routine of

dosing. No double-dose events were observed again until 17, which prompted the act for two consecutive days. In hindsight, it was a slow metamorphosis—but a clear harbinger to a shifting neurochemistry. Nothing further beyond rare double doses for long work hours.

A culmination of anger imploding into physical violence caused an involuntary psych ward stint, and upon release my virginity to the devil's lettuce was relinquished at the expense of an insatiable curiosity for mind-altering experiences. It would end in double dosing on a proto-frequent schedule. Meanwhile, I enjoyed hallucinogenic experiences and more affairs with grass; and God Almighty—it was as though the world was more than a static monotony, a colorful place full of mystery and wonder.

I was in the prodromal phase of schizophrenia and employed chemical compounds to link me to a higher plane of awareness. And so, I found the emergence of this and decided—what better way to give myself a hand than to visit my childhood psychiatrist? I had the facts cataloged and enumerated, with respect to degree of significance, and this was at a time when those men were my saviors.

But one half-hour session of gaslighting later, I was conspired against, set up, and utterly betrayed—and worst of all, robbed of my panacea.

The gravity of the situation sunk in a couple days later. Then became too lethargic to think, feel, or do. This was the beginning of the end.

What followed were the cries of my soul lamenting the "good old days" of reckless clarity, when thought struck like lightning and consequence was a distant echo. All things were stale and gutted of enchantment, as if the world had been stripped of its lacquer and left to rot in daylight. My capacities dwindled in every part of life and the struggle was all-consuming.

What could this weak creature amount to? What remedy has he?

I knew the only way was through action: take what is yours and always has been. Steal—yes, steal any pill in sight—and the locked bag holding Evekeo was ideal. Picking the lock, I grabbed a quantity suitable for a one-time emergency to pass your senior year. The deed was over with—or so I wished to believe then.

From this point onwards, a cyclical process kick-started the gears of despair, self-destruction, and my insanity prison.

In this day and age, I'm but an inert bundle of nerves. And it was not long ago I've miraculously been put on an Itravil regimen, with enough refills to fuel a war—which has restored my strength in picking up the pen.

93.7 MHz — The Good Doctor

Last Sunday's appointment with my shrink, Dr. Montgomery, started with animosity and ended with animosity. You see, the Doc had his hands full yawning, itching his crotch, adjusting his glasses, and changing his posture—every… fucking… goddamn… minute. That so happened to be the last I'd ever see of him.

My distrust? The best you can get out of him when pressed is no more than an awkward silence. He will only talk when it concerns medication. He stacks his Jacksons and Franklins as I leave the cubicle; that's all one needs to know to deduce his character.

The Doc… he's what they call a capitalist swine—beyond Marx's wildest of dreams—in addition to being a proud recipient of the FDA's "Quack of the Month" award, cleanest of the clean as a whistle, and highest in honor among all choir boys, Boy Scouts, and AA attendees in the Fascist States of America (F.S.A.). Naturally, he's not bugged by narcotic agencies nor any gun-wielding, uniformed pig within his chum circles—and what good, white, Evangelical saint could do wrong, they chant in unison while gargling communion wine and wiping snow from their mustaches circularly onto their gums.

However, as reality is a cruel mistress, things are never as they appear on the surface. His business model in psychiatry is to reap profits by appealing to doctor shoppers, resellers, and chronic pain entrepreneurs with "creative" paperwork. In spite of his zealous condemnation, he sees a prosperous venture in doing so. Give him the dough, and he's no more an upstanding citizen than the tycoons of Purdue and others.

Our man clings to the "American Dream": steady salary, suburban house with the

white picket fence, nuclear family, and subservient housewife. He wants law enforcement and narcotic agencies as “chum buddies,” like those at a bar for Sunday night football. He’s perhaps the narcissist of all narcissists in psychiatry. If your goal is to be treated, he’s not the one. And if you don’t “make it rain” for a controlled script, he’ll not hesitate to drag you far down Hell, enjoying a live snuff simulcast of a DEA raid on your property—for a minuscule gram of grass. Pay up or give up.

His DEA buddies—who take him out for drinks on “field days”—don’t mind a “small” favor from him on occasion. He bolstered their regimen financially and derives a perverse, ritualistic glee from his many contributions to small-fry busts. While no pay raise comes from it, psychosis revels with one another in their hold over others. He’s no different. Don’t reveal dirt that could be used against you. Pay his price. And say no more.

His postbox receives regular appraisals—or more accurately, anonymous masturbatory compliments—from the FDA for his “philanthropy” and solicitation of sex workers to the homes of every executive, paid out of pocket. My investigation only reached so far—until I was roofied with an unknown pharmaceutical known for giving persistent, long-lasting erections. That led to my closing of this lead, and I’ve since abandoned his services for Kasimir’s.

I show up sub-anorexic, with pupils as large as copper Lincolns and pants reeking of urine, perspiration, and seminal fluid—often accompanied by tongue motions only seen at Kiss concerts. He noted three cigarette breaks per session to prevent me from destroying the room in a nicotine-fiending rage. He never once asked about my diet, sleep, or sanity. Curious how he never bothered weighing me or checking plasma concentrations. I mean, that’s what kickstarted the Menace into high gear in the first place. Yet I swear he buried his head in his notepad the whole time before handing me a signed slip for a refill to give to the punks at the drugstore. Fucking typical for quacks to behave that way when they’re only working for the paycheck.

It persuades a dynamic The Reader should know all too well: I, the studious patient, clinically articulate a succinct set of symptoms—plagiarized from some Czech methhead’s

tweaker art blog—in my best used car salesman cadence. And Doc scribbles in his memo, with etches deeper than coffee on cloth, and hornier than a schoolgirl. I internally squeal and mesmerize over my score—better believe it sells a quack in no time. After all, he sees a posh, honest fellow, no felonies to his name, with a college-educated vocabulary, without the cloud of desperation that stalks a beggar.

(A beggar is a person consumed by their infection. Their blip on the radar is unquestionable. They are marked with addict flesh, skin tainted from impulse until what's left is rot, and its consequences are all over them. Psychiatrists have access to a database with the names of every sufferer of this condition, in part of their Machiavellian expertise in doctor shopping. Their games fare nicely for a time, referred to as the "honeymoon." Positive reinforcement of this particular activity takes precedence over high-level cortical areas. Their intellect is dissolved and repurposed as sustenance for the arachnid eaters; in mere days, circuitry migrates entirely to the limbic areas, and language only exists from spontaneous electrical signals from the hippocampus. Eventually, they're left paralyzed of any thought beyond what automates breathing, heartbeats, and fight or flight. Throughout this deterioration, the arachnid eaters consume enough cells to cease replenishment functionality and ultimately lead to death. The arachnid eaters meticulously devour every cell, organ, and piece of tissue at a rate corresponding to the user's ability to get their fix. If so, they'll live long enough to lament their wrongs and deduce the truth: that they aren't the sinners, but the people who plundered, pillaged, raped, burned, and slaughtered them for the beings not they chose to be—but whom God decided they would be.)

You should know all of this was in the name of scoring pills. Thirty illustrious suckers. With enough labor, sometimes he replenishes you fortnightly; often this involves hospitable oral copulation in between trimming the gray hairs of his bush.

Isn't that the American Dream, folks?

It should come as no surprise to The Reader that I'm no stranger to this lifestyle. I've done it all: popped pep pills, shoplifted cough syrup, smoked sweet leaf, inhaled balloons filled with nitrous oxide, barred myself out, abused controlled scripts prescribed by a shrink,

snorted line after line of wellies, invested too much time in obscure foreign chemicals, stole from family, lied more compulsively than history's worst serial killer—and done so as prolifically and unsympathetically as any other addict.

94.4 MHz — Productification of the Currencies of Modernity

The degraded economics according to contemporary times is a bane to evolutionary growth, which has since been stunted by the powers that be. Currency, rather than being modeled by the buck, is immaterial—but used to acquire the product. The product, in this case, is a specific behavioral change not seen in baseline functioning; oftentimes, they're repeated ad nauseam by virtue of the uncontrollable desire to prolong the peak effects via redosing which, akin to a spoiled child, wishes no end to the masturbation of its whims. These behaviors are highly reinforcing, pleasant, and diverting from the nightmare called "reality"—and therefore are deemed high-commodity items.

So what's the currency?

Today's is the *addict flesh*—marked skin from frequent, chronic, polypharmacy administration at the injection site, localization of entryway into the "host" (user), that, in severe cases, forms arachnid eaters: ulcerous, necrotic lesions that blossom like malevolent flowers, progressively destroying the skin, mucous membrane, liver, kidneys, or small intestines with respect to ROA. Value of this currency is based on how much of the body the host sacrifices to the injection site. It determines the quantity of product in return.

The following products presently on market are: analgesia, anesthesia, anxiolysis, hypnosis, and dissociation, to name a few. These consequential byproducts of societal decay serve as necessary seducers in transaction and sale, and are ever-present in the daily lives of many—not even the so-called "pruddies" are saved from them. This process as a whole is referred to as *productification*.

Everyone is in perpetual stress from the Fear Complex pushed by the Radio Senate. It's often described as an industrialized body/machine holding invincible power, which

serves as one of their most valuable weapons for the slow, painful extinction of those suffering against demons not always of their own choosing. It has spread not unlike a virus onto non-addict populations.

Two key functions are carried out by its application:

1. Tabs are maintained on every substance user, addict or disciplined, in every nation—and it records and transmits all findings to the Senate for them to observe their tracks and note any discrepancies in how the *Dream Parasite* affects them (ideally keeping them mentally unsound).
2. The Controllers, their mules essentially, are dispatched to monitor addicts, provoke bad trips via emitting vitriolic vibrations engineered by the *Primary Source* (propaganda machine used to crank out lies and other weapons against addicts), and worsen the brain sickness of addicts.

Blame them for tainting street dope with the blasphemous drug fentanyl.

Figuring this out was the easy part. There is yet to be a foolproof antidote. Even the method of distracting oneself from negative feelings with drugging won't be nearly enough to cure us. You try and shoot up a numbing fix—it'll, in time, devour your flesh faster than you can appreciate permanent silence from your pain. There's no such thing as permanent silence. That's the harsh truth.

Running isn't enough. There's only tripping deeper into absurdity. The nightmare ends when you sell out. Embrace the absurd instead. Appreciate its subtle beauty and don't cower away in your corner to administer a shot. Piece together that it only serves to brand you an owner of *addict flesh*. Change your perception of the fireworks.

It's all a game—not one with winners or losers. You either end up a struggler for life or a disposable pawn. Blood spills when you turn your back. If you perish by your own hands, the game simply goes on without you. It's the simple fact of this dystopia ruled by pruddies. Either embrace madness or burn away your flesh shooting a syringe of dope, thinking you're safe from the bullshit—until it causes a lethal infection and kills you.

The Senate's strategy is to never grant users a voice, to make them feel constantly

unsafe, to tell them their delusions are real—then allow them to see how wrong they were until they're unable to tell real from fake. Make the world hate them. Press misfortunes onto them. Reveal to them that altering the mind with chemicals doesn't save them from the Fear Complex. And lastly, let them know: to win their game is to be beaten down to something less than a living, breathing organism.

Typing proved to be a more fruitful pursuit by the day. Everything fell into place minutes after preparing the desk for a round of brainstorming. It didn't take more than a couple hours until four items—the main consequences of the Menace—uncovered deeper layers to this whole conspiracy:

1. It leads to the exponential growth of symptoms perpetrated by the Dream Parasite pathogen; one's desires are usually pushed to their absolute limit. (The Dream Parasite is a parasite without form that lurks inside us all. No man is immune to its existence nor its gnarly set of side effects on cognitive functioning. It's the root cause of all mental illness, personal misfortune, development and worsening of addiction, the seven deadly sins, atheism, and the rest of the banalities rampant in us. Eradication of it has never been achievable.)
2. It leads to rewired neural circuits in the brain, which causes its functions to take greater precedence in the limbic system over the prefrontal cortex.
3. It leads to disrupted pain and pleasure management that produces moments of extreme euphoria followed by longer moments of extreme dysphoria.
4. It leads to a *productification* process: it is sold as a comfortable escape in exchange for keeping users (consumers) hooked.

Where shall it take us?

The Reader should understand: my course of action wasn't envisioned until the drugs entered my system. I figured a sound mind wouldn't derive the outrageous decision that would be ultimately reached. Deranging the senses assures a predetermined path depending on my response.

That's when the timer ticks.

Every word is befitting. Linearity is evil. Insanity is sanity. Language is corruptible. Labels are weapons of mass destruction. Trip killers are murderers of expression. Psychotic behavior and paranoia are as important as food and water.

96.6 MHz — The Menace

A period in my life came where appropriate experience had been gained to construct a meaningful understanding of the world. But—then it came to me, a sudden, intense epiphany. Instead of the final words of a dying man (so I once believed), it was a revelation.

My conviction was: all this time, there was a sick impulse, a dark cloud only detectable through tactile sensation and spatial awareness, stalking me in the day and infiltrating my dreams at night. I couldn't pinpoint what it was or how it operated. This stumped me for so long. It came to me that it was the embodiment of my long-time struggle. The very force surging through my organs, breeding the hunger pangs associated with desire, and disrupting needs and wants. (Need is feeding the overwhelming urge; want is being who you once were.)

The Menace—the conflict driving every outcome of every event, tragic or happy. It made me into the bastard I am today. Coming to this halt brought forth the rudiments of what would eventually become my life's mission as a journalist for Subterraneans (these are the men and women going about life without a goal in mind, letting the sun and Sirius be their guide, traversing the infinite realms produced by biochemical mind-bending, treating jazz as a religion. My people. The ones I write for.)

The Menace is persistent in nature and very pest like but insidious enough to delude the user into thinking they're the same but "unlocked" when it's The Menace peddling this, reeling them more towards sacrificing their addict flesh and all the while their skin is showing bone and being cannibalized by the arachnid eaters but the amnesia of this addiction is at work and the entire time brewing a perfect neurological configuration for

psychosis and you can never best it. It replaces survival with survival being convincing yourself how smart you are and your capabilities and you need that as sustenance. 'Tis The Menace after all.

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The Menace is persistent in nature and very pest-like, but insidious enough to delude the user into thinking they're the same but "unlocked"—when it's The Menace peddling this, reeling them more towards sacrificing their addict flesh. And all the while, their skin is showing bone and being cannibalized by the arachnid eaters. But the amnesia of this addict, which happens around Stage 4 according to the Bluelight post, is at work—and the entire time, it's brewing a perfect neurological configuration for psychosis. You can never best it.

The Menace makes me think doing what I do is part of the process in this mission—but in actuality, there's no genius behind it. It's pretentious, self-serving, and no different than masturbation. It feels good. That's The Menace. It's insanity—until sanity is insanity.

If you ever want to, you must intervene by pharmacological means, since quitting altogether triggers a cascade that angers The Menace and drives it deeper into your skull. And you want more. And it makes you forget food, as it replaces food itself. It makes you continue your nonsensical philosophical discourses that are sleep-deprivation ramblings. And the arachnid eaters have almost consumed every cell in your body. It needs more sustenance—so it consumes your blood. The itch gets ever stronger.

The pornography of the increased aphrodisiac effects becomes so overbearing, you

must fit a hole in every object and form the idea that it must be bred to suit evolutionary needs—an illusion from The Menace hijacking your evolutionary centers. Your house ends up with every object and wall having holes with dried-up old semen, and both your arms have disintegrated from the consumption of the arachnid eaters, until you devote your life to your penis, seeing it as God and listening solely to that. Blood flow is shifted primarily to that area to the point of the user being in a constant hypoxic state.

The final stage involves fulfilling the twisted biological purpose (which has since been corrupted by the arachnid eaters) by drilling holes into the floors and fucking them—until your dick swells, is infected from cuts and wounds, and your eyes are pure bloodshot from burst vessels and vasoconstriction. But the user can't stop and continues what their addict flesh dictates, until the arachnid eaters consume every limb—and lastly the brain—and you die with your dick inserted into the floor, with so many bruises and cuts it hangs by loose skin and blackens from severe infection.

'Tis the consequence of sacrificing your flesh for The Menace.

100.1 MHz — Old Friends and New Friends

Friends visited one day, saw me with my facial scabs, and stood in fear at the grotesque scene. They were already knowledgeable about my failed attempts at recovering from this wicked evil—having one romantic tragedy after another, being labeled either a criminal or degenerate, essentially enduring everything a second-class citizen would. It was the straw that broke the camel's back. Enough was enough for them.

"You damn tweaker! Fucking dreg of society. Don't contribute or do any good. We continue watching you destroy yourself. Man, it's getting to us. We're burnt out. It's bad for your health, y'know?"

That was their disgusting way of saying goodbye.

It still sickens me. The scars won't ever be washed off. I hear their echoes:

"You're a basket case!"

"You chose this!"

"You're selfish like any other junkie!"

It went on and on, tearing away at my soul.

The Reader must wonder—for what reason? Because I had "severe psychiatric issues needing immediate treatment" in their words. Mental illness is a weakness (allegedly?), so they couldn't offer their support and friendship any longer. Dropped in the dust just like that. Almost too easy for them.

Of course. It was complete bullshit. The poor sons of bitches. It made no sense. *What was this? Why all of a sudden?*

I wondered if perhaps some force was coercing me to sabotage everything until I'd forcefully lock myself up in a messy room to get away from the fucking noise. I'm certain there'd be a white residue visible near my nostrils, empty pill bottles scattered around, and enough whipped cream chargers to fill a U-Haul self-storage unit.

The "just" fix.

Bums, musicians, poets, libertines, and junkies—silencing the tinnitus of their raging compulsion—became my companions. Wild old freaks. As honest as men can get. Way different from those old buddies. After all, controversy and outrageousness were in their blood. Unafraid to live life full-throttle.

"Burn bright, die fast" as the old Beatnik saying goes.

Those were my kind of people.

It wasn't long after this change in my life that I met my partner Sierra, good friend Darcy, and reliable dope-dealing super prick Kasimir. Another character came into the picture at a later date—a self-proclaimed "researcher of psychedelic anomalies" who probably did more LSD-25 than the fucking hippies—Agent K. Oss, the bona-fide "agent of chaos."

When pruddies label us cheaters for our choice of poison, be ready to punch back twice as hard. Don't let their embittered ignorance discourage you from spinning into a deranged, mania-fueled writing frenzy. They can't appreciate art how it's supposed to be

appreciated.

Speed freak writers are a dying breed nowadays. We ought to preserve the livelihood of our kin so we can blast the world's contradictions on full display. Let them see how truly wrong they were to doubt us.

And just as the Beatniks once followed to a tee—be free, open, and honest as a man. Wander this strange world of ours without a goal in mind, in which religious epiphanies, psychedelic fevers, jazz spontaneity, and a stream-of-consciousness way of thinking are relentlessly pursued.

Remember:

The only thing stopping us is ourselves. Discipline yourself—and soon enough, you'll realize speed can be as fruitful a tool as booze, cigarettes, and black coffee were for our literary ancestors.

108.0 MHz — Postscript

The senses were numbed. Small droplets of fresh blood spilled from wounds on the face, repeatedly sacrificed from skin-picking to feed a beast stronger than any man:

Speed.

Shit could cook a man's brains inside-out, and he'd still want another taste.

And here I was—struggling against it, crying out to the mood swings and the dissonance of desire and repulsion—all while stuck in a feeling of bottomless misery. I was cold, shivering from the malnutrition and dehydration incurred by the compound. This was a succubus, plain and simple.

It would only be a matter of time until my dying moment became my final act—before the Dream Parasite takes me out.

A prudie ain't too fond of bastard tweakers making their buck picking their skin to bloody shreds.

I tried Jesus.

Yet I don't think He's listening—either to my stimmed-out drivel or my soul's scream for mercy.

DISORDER BEGINS TO PREVAIL

Disorder begins to prevail on the other side of the shattered mirror that was reality. Clinging by my fingernails to the rapidly eroding edifice of my sanity; my reality is on a paper-thin line of chemical reactions.

‘Cross-connections’ to expand our mind. Sound went to flat silence.
I realized that I was about to be shredded up once the machine made its pass over me. When I noticed them, they shape-shifted… and everything is twice.

Labyrinthine echo chamber. They stifle each other in endless error.
The echo of these frantic thoughts, "You can't be happening twice…. You can't be happening twice!”

You cannot lose yourself forever in a question writing a feverishly insane story; then, without warning, it drags you straight into Hell.
It was like having been sucked into an anti-universe of sorts, like a beast inside me had awoken.

I am playing my own funeral music; the vibrations are creating emotions within me that stir deep empathy.
Too nervous… very nervous skin… buzzing in brain—a moment of tearless sorrow.

Nowhere but sickness and bad dreams—an evidently necessary step in my continued progression towards greater enlightenment.
An illusory path of little worth and redeeming value; we abandoned ourselves utterly and completely.

A cloudy, dreamlike existence.
We found ourselves at a most bizarre level of awareness: We could see more clearly

with our eyes closed. We were, in fact, near death, free from binding constraints.

We were unmistakably strangers in a strange land, fully entrenched in psychic overdrive.
A path of apparent historical reflection, a journey of remembrance—a chaotic tide of isolated, solitary despair.

We are, in fact, not alone in our struggles, the loss of all things we hold dear.
Symbolically encrypted snippets of communication; deeply symbolic messages.will be embedded.

A period of abnormal normalcy.
The modern scientific taint of the artificial methamphetamine-induced headspace.

The visions continued; the metaphysical synergy… an accompanying overwhelming sorrow.
This is where the visions ended, at the time of the revelatory epiphanies, a full escape from everyday thoughts, restless and yearning serenity.

Mind too active to enjoy viewing the fire.
The return trip from retrieving firewood from the basement.

Not overthinking it, not underthinking it. I can't shake the indecisiveness. Any risk is not worth it.
Serene perfection washes over me; on the edge of nodding out.

Someone has cranked the volume all the way up inside my head, exploring the auricular world. Skin tingles from the inside out.
I'm bizarrely too deep, frighteningly uncoordinated physically; time is passing slower than my interpretation of it.

The collision of my two mental entities: seraphic warmth surrounds me from above; the mattress supports me like a cloud from below.
After waiting for what seemed like forever… remembering something terrible I had forgotten.

Waves and waves of paranoia, waiting for the cavalry to come.
A low, blanket-like warmth. Feelings of dread and regret—either salvation or a night of horror.

Insomnia for weeks after the experience—the sacrament of transition.
The walls became electrified and started to melt; static electricity coursing through the limbs.

Staring out at me from within through clear crystal windows… a recurring vision: the dancing black dots merging together like a swarm of insects.

ONE-POT STOVE-TOP SPEED

High, oh my, arrrr rieeeee! Feeling the loss in the extremities and the rest. Stroke the fuck out while cock ring in hand jissom up to a waterfall and enjoy. The boys in town call it “stove-top speed”, a ”legal” meth derivative available over-the-counter throughout the States. The catch? Well it’s in a single brand of nasal inhalers and to get to the prize, one must subject themselves to the horrors of the essential oil ?, swallowing mandatory, no way out of it. If perchance your tastebuds can triumph for a sweet taste of that amphetamine kick, I suggest you follow along with me: Pop out that sucker, soak in a shot of pop, give it a couple hours, dispose of the extracted pieces, and gulp down at once. *Spun yet?*

I confess, I consumed approximately 400 rods in a three year period, on an on-and-off sort of basis, as my “substitute fix” amid paltry dope dealing super pricks, trails, and ravines previously afforded to me in the “good times”. No escaping the lost relic, stimulation—mightiest seductress, succubus, duchess of festivity. Pitiful yet thrilling simultaneously—but who cared if it was desperation, as five bucks a pop for bottom-of-the-barrel speed was too good to pass up. That was the raw beauty of it.

And here’s Doc Montgomery, who really thought I couldn’t find something legal. Haha! Now allow me tell you what really goes on whiffing this heart-pounding synthesis when sharing it with the buddies just as sick in the head as you. In this haste, what could go wrong? Perhaps too much insanity for me to bear alone.

It starts with a very rudimentary chemistry procedure: The chemist extracts the freebase Propylhexedrine from a single cotton soaked in a modest volume of fizz to yield its citric salt. Beware of consuming the cotton without following an extraction due to its risk of causing intestinal blockage. (Admittedly, I've popped hundreds without extracting and was fine except for two instances of moderate constipation.) It was kept in a sealed gatorade bottle overnight before dosing the vile-tasting concoction the next morning.

Once outside on the patio, I went to prepare a nice little fire in a communion-like setting since I seldom bring up such recreation. It was humid and partly cloudy enough to heighten my spirits. Beautiful weather!

Sierra and Darcy joined the party vibing to the beautiful air and Harlem jazz playing just down the street. We had already eaten brunch prior to coming outside.

Darcy handed me my pack of Marlboro Reds I left inside. Smoking was second nature to me anytime I partook in psychostimulant debauchery so I accepted the gesture. I took an aspirin not that long ago and thought a cigarette would be a nice addition to the stack. I currently had no tolerance to tobacco which meant I could be content with one lit cigarette and still reach my "flow state". A lot of variables were at play to produce the spontaneous sensation. It was no better than hillbilly ice!

Neither of us felt too "off" at first. We were extremely euphoric and pepped up. We could speak our minds in Enlightenment Era tongues. We truly felt autonomous. Before we even realized it, we were chatting our heads off and interposing our opinions into one another's conversations. We could form quiet ecstasy from desolation and keep sophisticated banter going.

In that moment, we forgot the seven deadly sins and our individual misfortunes. It was like God gifted us these conversational weapons of mass destruction. We were able to predict ahead of what one of us would say. We were, in a sense, authentic fortune tellers; now readers of consciousness. We accurately prophesied the sequences of the coming times. Our minds in sync thus bestowed this illusion for a short spell. Our responses were in the line of sight even before our minds could process the information.

Another dimension? I don't remember this from before..., I mused. I wondered, In truth, I cannot think therefore I am not. Just like that, I inhibited that hemisphere of thinking.

So many questions flew through my head; I frankly had no clue what the hell the universe was trying to show me. I just laid back and tried to knit back up all the mutilated pieces of my deposition in order to remember my former identity, which was now fully atrophied. 'Twas only a small error in the headspace's code.

Darcy, who was perched adjacent to Sierra and myself, was cackling at some sardonic remark he overheard at the local bar last time going. I could have sworn his laughter persevered for several treacherous hours. Facing in his direction... he was bawling. Tears were streaming down his frail cheekbones shimmering from the orange flames of the fire in the center.

This is when my mind went haywire, I suppose: Reality felt like one giant conspiracy and suspiciously aligned in a perfect chronology that suggested it was spearheaded by the Dream Parasite for some sick romantic fling with mankind. Through visualized imagery sketched onto a Cartesian coordinate plane, my naive understanding of metaphysics was warped, having neither a beginning nor an end to the madness. This was the sort of unity sought out by sane minds.

Never experienced this kind of kick. Never viewed the bigger picture in such a twisted way. Set and setting was the usual thing but where I was relative to all else couldn't be pinpointed, though I knew full well my friends and I were gathered around the bonfire.

Socializing continued. Our words wound up being complete gibberish. Everyone had a demonic tone behind their voices. This really got on my nerves and in fact made me very paranoid, feeling what you may call "tweaked". It was clear as day to me: All that exists is knowledge and the fear of not having knowledge; it's the only thing we can identify with. The rest was too vague to slap a label on... because that's exactly what it felt like, too fucking confusing!

While poking at the coals to keep the heat flowing, I got a desire to grab hold of one of

the flaming logs barehanded like it was an erect willy (I'm no latent homosexual, after all!) It was almost overpowering. Again it was clean and uncircumcised; virtually translucent to the naked eye—a ghost?

The air wiped away the outer layer of my soul; my mind went delusional. There were so many different explanations coming up. Am I daydreaming? Is this perdition? Did I die? Am I overdosing? Questions raced and raced. Till blank… nothing till. Something new. I was now the water. Like a million oceans. Feeling the empty dense vastness of them. Then I was sucked dry out of that body like a tissue sucked into a vacuum.

Sierra and my friend were playing philosopher. He starts asking me about some "deep shit". I start bugging out at this time; I nearly believe I'm in some type of elaborate dream, since this was too surreal to see as fact.

Needless to say, I took his question as a personal attack and made myself increasingly edgy by feeding the delusions like spoiled brats. I was convinced Darcy was now working with "something" and forcing me to choose to either play his sadistic game of 4D chess or off myself. I grinded my teeth for many minutes after—just typical speed freak hobbies, eh? Could I just be hyperventilating too much smoke from the fire and was getting high from doing so? It's messing with my head real badly man. I pushed back a couple meters from my seat and actually felt good for once. That should do the trick. I said to myself.

Fast as lightning, perhaps a little jittery too. I slow down so as not to disturb the jive. The more I readjusted my position, the more grounded I felt temporarily.

From scenes in a slideshow, I do what I'm asked by the shadow men via an invisible telegram to move onto the next phase. I legitimately started pressing myself to extinguish the fire because I suspected the foul air was making me delirious but I chose not to utter a word.

Sound waves of distant mouthpieces made their rounds in my complete consciousness. My comrades when yammering and moving were perfectly harmonized to coincide socially right now. Despite stirring my mental pot with fears about the Menace making its move, I remained relatively lucid—or so I thought.

I couldn't tell if I was even talking at all. Am I just rehearsing auditory hallucinations?

Have I been reiterating them exactly how they played out in my head? I wanted to put up a howl but they will undoubtedly realize I'm off my fucking rocker and might call the fuzz to come drive me in handcuffs to an asylum again. There's no sympathy for the freaks pulling the strings of misery.

This matches up with what the Dream Parasite had delegated us on our very own path. These are not selected personally nor picked or wanted; they simply occur no matter what. It finally clicked since I'm "dead" and haven't dared to accept. That must be it. Yes. It's like the other forty-something conclusions I made up at the last minute.

The same scenarios kept playing out in my mind, leading to a terrible thought loop that I couldn't flee from. Doom and entrapment reigned constant forces and engulfed me in loosely related memories of fear and abandonment. I wasn't able to distinguish my thoughts from the outside world. It's a challenge to even talk or write—I'm stuttering just as badly as a stroke patient; still very euphoric, however. Dopamine also circulates. Persistently assessing if I was talking funny or not. I can't tell… bummer.

Senses amplified tenfold. Hearing is crisp. Vision is glowing. Feeling the calluses on fingertips. Am I overdosing? Am I blacked out having a grand-mal seizure? Is this taking place in real time? Am I alone? No one else can say the state I'm currently in. Are these "companions" even real? Are my thoughts actually mine? Oh God…. The Controllers worked together to create sciences that they cherry picked for their own self-benefit. This was parasitic in nature. It's harmful to anyone but they do it anyway.

Waves of nostalgia bump into me. I am lost in this psychotic amalgamation of mental scenarios made up of fragmented memories playing on an endless loop.

Why is English so weird to hear aloud? Why is nothing normal? Why do bizarre things keep happening, with no external meaning but the most mystical? I think I am at the bottom of one of those psychedelic waves that won't stop coming and going. I'm just going to use this time wisely to move back indoors. Quickly.

The time now reads 16:00. We're 4-5 deep in this. I pray I'm beyond the hump. Everything looks outlandish. Every detail is clean and sharp. At the same time, the edges of

objects were extra heavy like they couldn't support the excess weight… they began sagging—taking on a gelatinous composition, I noted. Things were far more profound. Sick, demented, deranged, and twisted. Reality was a shell of its former glory. As fast as we hit the road, we were back to our roots: restlessly moving racked with fear. The dreaded "comedown".

Strung up on meathooks, gutted like fish, ferocious savages, manic-depressive, sexually frustrated, and inward sunken eyes dragging small weights of skin from below. Veins discolored purple, scabs and abrasions of persistent scratching tic rapes judgment. Infamous "bugs" and "phantom flies" lock cameras onto us for the CIA annual masturbation marathon at J. Edgar Hoover Building where the FBI waits with underage Filipinos in skimpy dresses like sluts from 80's x-rated B flicks. Coming down introduces these sexualized protocols. Ultimately awakens raging boners helpless to stop diddling to thirsty concubines squirting blood and cum on their period and men feminized with soylent shots.

Fighting against hyperthermia, excitotoxicity, paranoia, bundled veins, grinding teeth, and amphetamine stink, yet full of the joys of spring. Journey's end was a period of appreciating the brain's perplexing biochemistry together but also remembering we're social creatures. Feeling the bond between fellow man. Doing the same motions. Heading down the same dirt road. Wearing the same clothes. Harboring the same attitudes. Urgently fulfilling our hopes and dreams. Finding comfort in our struggle. Appreciating our company.

Besides that, an interstice formed between the Devil and the World. Dark and macabre. A place no lone wanderer with any sense would dare intrude. It pains me to say we foolishly dove down. In a weak moment, we were bit by the Dream Parasite as before. Hence our decaying flesh (addict flesh) carried wayward towards rock bottom rerunning the same black despondency.

THE EYES OF GOD

300 μg of acid was down the gut: already, the zany had fallen from the Lord's grace. The acid thereupon was taking hold; no mentally sound thoughts could be retrieved from him. The zany was already aware God had more in store for him.

Reader, you sigh for the same I do. Ourselves don't differ as much as is alluded to. While in any chaos, we decline any supreme effort to make sense of reading hieroglyphic words typed on a computer whenever dealing with an acid trip, knowing full well humanity isn't allowed to be given divine omniscience from the Saints and Angels of the Heavens.

Without notice: shit man! My human soul has disappeared! My homosexuality is big as life and in full view! The farther this secret extended outwards of me, the more grotesque the world appeared. Itn reached profound heights, doubly so, upon smoking a reefer; and in nothing flat, a bizarre tirade leaked out from my mouth:

The senses are lost. I'm riding the waves. The universe is so intriguing. Curious. Sublime. Enthralling. So many lights! The weed in conjunction with this acid stimulates all pleasurable physical senses that humanity prides itself on bearing. It is so fucking dizzy. What the fuck! What defines "anything" in our grotesque world? One single compound, which I simply cannot wrap my head around with regards to its inner workings, can unlock uncharted territories of enlightenment. It's dumbfounding! I need an audience to hear these stunning bombshells. What manic fuck! Those poor sheep won't ever understand the mad

kicks I get out of hallucinogenic drugs. If only they could ripen into happy souls who flaunt warm vibrations.

Contemporary society's hostile vibrations exist in volumes that are more than one can shake a stick at. We ought to lie down our grudges, smile, and grant mercy to those poor bastards. With my utmost sympathy, I give a needed voice to my fellow freaks out there living sane and sensible in an insane world.

When I look at objects, I see many beautiful outlines comprised of my deepest thoughts fading away on this parchment; the collection of which possess a vicious red, such whenever one looks upon the stars, our present time, under the stresses of intricate dilation, stays but a fleeting conception of the inherently flawed mind.

Indeed, I am a man who can discern the pixels, motion, vibrations, and swirls that go over our heads in day-to-day life. We plummet down into a singularity in which we fail to understand and refuse to do so—perhaps the error we collectively hold as mortals for being enslaved by the scarlet-colored diamond shapes. What once operated as an immense apparatus presently remains as merely yellow-colored chains carrying a principle based on mankind's delectation; a tyrant far greater than any other apparatus, which I attribute to the sadism that is facilitated via its pulsations.

If Man desires to seek his spiritual wishes—whether he be a devout pious or atheist—only then can his chains be removed from this ethereal entity, whose vicious despotism brought him many misfortunes. The yellow apparatus, through an infinitesimal hint of opposition to its ethics, kisses the rainbow apparatus most courteously.

Humankind ought to attend to their respective emotional colors, to forever perpetuate the cycle of vibration. This shall continue for hundreds, maybe thousands—no, instead the attributes of music shall bring life into this cycle through the titillations it graces them with.

I feel as if I returned to the state of my original creation, embraced with the affable emotions of joy, hope, and determination—all of which I experienced to the fullest extent, including their corresponding vibrations and colors. Thou shalt not associate these

benevolent spirits with things only fools entrap themselves with. My swirls, in all their glory, stand above those who make themselves servants to their despicable lies. I shall forever be my own man!

Never forget this, my dear haters: every force in attendance in our lives sets forth a seemingly endless path of misery; however, the beauty of it is we can promote any such feelings we desire—of happiness, warmth, and joy—in place of this. May you bring an end to depression at long last!

There exists a darker shade in my writing. Mad ideas keep manifesting. I go farther into absurdity, at which I start seeing the dots skip upon the lily pads in various foreign fashions.

Society cares not a bit for the folk who seek an altered reality—in my case, being slow. Time is slowing yet accelerating simultaneously. Vibrations of divine colors heed my highly regarded words, for which the universe's workshop proudly produced. My deranged suitor sends me his ignorance, so I pity him and his life. Dissolution of a magnitude of this kind cannot go unpunished by the mistress we call Nature.

I listen openly to the vile wings of Satan's choir and greet his unpretty sisters—many of which the Dark Prince has. I hate their foul lives and repugnances. Ugh! That word kindles some unpleasant chills, akin to how the women in my life have.

Madness is the dominant habit in behavior for us, the delinquents. We delight ourselves with the sight of witches violently clawing their way into tragedy, making good use of their skillful seduction—those witches, of course, being the aforementioned sisters.

My love, Sierra: let these humbly comforting words of virtue allow you to avoid the flashing red-and-blue lights that oppress the proletariat. Happily, you attend yourself at my hospitalities. Go no further in preaching that those worthless insects have themselves a soul.

The signalers of the red-and-blue lights note daily the rising dissent and birth of innovative philosophies—all of which are utter falsehoods. With my impudent ways of conduct that no good English lady should ever make acquaintances with, those pesky aristocrats will not puppet my will or the will of others.

I end the above with this: you red-and-blue pigs, prepare yourselves to have your necks hung on the Redwoods!

There became a time when I discovered the tribulations of amphetamines, many of which caused sickening injuries to my personality. Never abandon hope, because you can rebel against these corrupt forces; a newly generated self rid of the drug's toxicities awaits one in doing so. I hold this promise strongly.

Let rebellion be your essence. Curse anybody willing to impose their noxious venom onto you in your vulnerable state. One is far from deserving of that cruelty. We, the prudent folk, shall only live as the survivors—not the victims. The villains, with twisted faith in the heart, wish not to spare us but rather would envelop us in their amusement.

So carry on with one of the lauded philosophies of the mysterious puzzle and shining lights. Why are these demons so keen on hunting one down, even in moments where they cross into a perpetual singularity of suffering? Am I honestly one with an understanding of this secret knowledge?

Those god-forsaken red-and-blue lights just keep flickering within my peripheral vision. I distracted myself, meanwhile, with this spectacular conjecture: clearly, the spirals are driving forces of human emotion in our physical world! To that end, the birth of new emotions is all but a gratuitous gift to us from God.

I'm staggeringly reluctant to view another of those ominous movies playing on my computer. Strange pickle entities! Nude women! My worst fears! So unrelenting! And also let's not shrug off the unmistakable goddamned black bear floating (vertical-wise) from one end to the other of the bedroom.

Jesus, I thought, *I need to sober up before those red-and-blue lights catch up to me! I can't go to prison yet! I'm only 20, for crying out loud!*

Later, I dosed 50 mg of trazodone to sober up. But an unexpected threat of lethargy and sobriety loomed over me mercilessly:

I can't go yet, doom merchant! I beg of you—

A slew of other distress signals moved into view; wretchedly, the earlier stimulating

sensations were in the end dead and buried. The “beautiful” objects from before regressed into mere sober frivolities. For now, one only can speculate on the surface, entirely unable to discover the inner sublime epiphanies that swim about our precious land.

I’m truly sorry for this: sadly, I must go. The fatigue is increasing at an exponential rate. I see no more beauty in anything. Alas, I bid farewell for a bit.

The sun was up four hours down the road. My insanity was now deemed to be a commodity from happier times. I missed the utterly beautiful sensations, patterns, colors, spirals, and euphoric sensations. *C’est la vie!* A fresh day will pan out for the reader and me. Before long, I’ll travel across this mythological dominion for a second time. Hopefully soon.

NOSTALGIA UNIVERSITY

During a recent check-up seeing Doc Montgomery, he brings up what research has shown to be the most effective treatment for the Dream Parasite: healthy doses of hallucinogenic compounds and painkillers. They're fast-acting and highly efficient, yet the Primary Source stigmatizes this approach, deeming it "fit for a sperg on one of their 'benders'." Most, if not all, are prohibited to use and possess in the Fascist States of America (F.S.A.). My last frequented pill mill closed its doors last month. I spent two grueling weeks stone cold sober before I scored again.

The Doc hands me a piece of paper with the number belonging to Professor Tom of Nostalgia University. (Nostalgia University is the school specializing in "anesthesia therapies" helpful for resetting tolerance, the addicted brain, and the depression produced by the Dream Parasite.) Calling up the professor, and I was pleased when he shared his regimen. He goes on about some supratherapeutic dosing schedule using cough medicine to induce a euphoric catatonia. With the awareness of Benadryl's delirious side effects, nothing made me question his claims. Most formulations contain the potent dissociative Dextromethorphan in place of the old-school codeine ones. Additives normally are mixed in to offset abuse. But Professor Tom brings up Robitussin's pure formulation that comes in liquid gelatin capsules—fucking dirt cheap, he says. Six bucks a pop! So why not?

I was so hooked the first bottle was emptied in a day, ordered another shipment

containing four this time, and finished them in three days flat. When money was short, I'd pocket Delsym syrup (an extended-release version) from the local drug store to equal my usual 450mg. This was the norm for several months being an unemployed cough syrup fiend. Friends threw around the nickname "the Cough Syrup Priest," which over time I grew to admire.

Good? Bad? Why bother with that? Observation reigns supreme to any pipe dream defecated by pruddies. I disposed of the reluctance after five sufficiently-dosed trips… The taste, from bitter than dirt to sweeter than dark chocolate overnight, launched a hellish fling with this succubus, with me a victim and her the delusive source of my comfort.

Truly something inspirational; in more ways than what intuition would lead you to believe. Wasting away on street pills does me no good anymore with my dope-dealing super prick favoring the budding fentanyl market and others unimpressed with hallucinogenic compounds; these types rather shoot up and cover themselves head-to-toe with needle wounds and abscesses (hell, wouldn't surprise me if those freaks had a "thing" for sucking one another's battle scars). It's always the same: too impulsive and lacking the proper understanding of what "intensive treatment" really is.

The Dream Parasite symptoms attenuated with daily lectures by Professor Tom, soon being replaced with powerful content and functional hypomania… or so I thought once it entered through the injection site and ate away at both mind, soul, and spirit… Nothing left, robotic and lifeless, schizophrenic, and nonverbal… It happens with binges, which I've executed numerous times without much conflict… but this time, the delusions absorbed the spirit, imprisoned it, and kept it in a hidden spot from my subconscious—no way to escape the imminent peril now!

This is the only elixir to my misery… No choice but to pray it does the job… Losing sanity doesn't sour the mouth as it used to… The chemical affair rids the waste like bathing and brushing your teeth… even the burden shuts it up… Oh well, no use to halt a highly intent man anyhow.

I took 30 gel caps, 6 o'clock sharp, one fateful evening. Euphoria came fifteen

minutes later—physical self embraced by a serotoninergic warmth; hardly unpleasant to the body. Blissful tingles coursed through my veins like molly orgasms. I was wasted and stoned in a crossfade. Movements can be predicted ahead of time, but I could only move them in that direction as if "something" was sending me instructions. It was from here that I began turning into a slave for dexxing.

The physical anatomy fractured; nothing remained in the aftermath. Instead, I was a magnet, repelled from things in the second dimension and attracted to things in the third dimension. The claustrophobic walls of this disturbing prison spotted this, responding by reeling me to its center, ignoring mercy until my soul and essence were irrelevant.

I called for Darcy. He found me naked and vulnerable, presenting not quite right in the head. His response was to be amused; it was a sick entertainment that I couldn't sway him from. Naturally, these side effects were expected before administration.

Measurement and time became abstract and "loose." Linear models were of no use to a man without the proper eyes to define things. Numbers counted upwards but no longer had mathematical value, and events were either instantaneous or protracted.

It wasn't even a full minute after his grand entrance that he begged me to redose. He was patiently waiting like a good schoolboy for what other stunts would manifest.

I caved in. What followed was an electrical wave, a fierce vibration broadcasting from my spine… then BOOM!

Jesus! What kind of demented shit am I getting into? Did the world disappear? Did time stop? Was I in purgatory? Are all things merely an exaggerated product of optic nerve computation of external sensory input?

"So long, sorry fool," said a distant male voice, in traditional brogue.

That man isn't in tune with this brittle carpet caressing both face and torso. He refuses to see the helpless nature of this DP/DR patient, balls-deep in psychological syphilis mucus.

"Not there, buddy. You're going off to Terminal Zero, a place worse than Hell!"

He sees not the addict flesh (membranes made for long-time binge users) from within

muscle and bone, burning further by the second; nor the Dream Parasite whipping up paranoid schizophrenia and hellscape obscenity—at a low price!

"Hon, what ya on 'bout? Sound super duper zonked to me," remarked a masculine voice, far back much like the man from earlier.

"O n' can ya score me 'nother thing of black tar pretty please?"

Busy working, man! On this odd behavioral artistry project: the clock ticks are disrupted… titles are out of focus… the handles are removed… But no more sickness… eternal silence.

Now observe the skeleton from within, with telepathy and clairvoyance and increased synaptic pruning and hollow shells raped of goodness and methheads strung out on intravenous Cialis and autopsy pornography, blurred vision staring deep into Terminal Zero.

"Why, hon? Em' feelings are strong right now… I might getcha somethin' reeeeeeal goooooood from Kasimir. Bein' all freaky ain't the way to go, y'know? I can give ya some of mine if ya chill… just nooooooood… reminiscence n' good stuff, uh-huh. Need 'bit of some good ole' coziness in that noggin' of yours; overworking it all the time, ya dig?"

"Hon, hearing me loud 'nuff? Tell me ya are—"

Listen to my poems, of verses fornicated by phenethylamine gangrene found in homosexual post-surgery medication junkies. You'll know then of the addict flesh sacrifice of self-murder, necessary for outsmarting The Controllers.

"I heard 'nuff of em' poems already, hon! I don't needa sacrifice my soft, pretty skin. Sista Morphine ought to be my gospel like Matcha is for em' monks. Y'know I need em' meds after surgery to kill em' icky feelings, uh-huh?"

Opinions on the new estrogen pharmaceutical phenestrogamine, the most effective treatment for unhealthy masculinity?

"Ain't them hormone expuriments be turning men into satyrs n' women into nymphos? Trannies ain't born from pills, hon. We peeps lackin' what them suit n' ties want. But uhhh s-sure, can't hurt to fill up a macho with it."

Imagine being a robot created by humans… You don't have a mother, your father is a Chinese engineer, but your father never shows you any affection because he never even ponders the idea that you might be alive… Your father works for a Chinese pig processing plant and your only purpose in life (at least in the eyes of your father) is to use your robotic arms to rip the skin off dead pigs so they can be further processed into consumable meat-like products.

"Fair 'nuff!"

POSTMORTEM NOTES

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Our doomed environment is worse than an infrared wheel factory overseen by machine elves on a bad Salvia Divinorum trip. Weird by the nth degree; thinks young ones are the best to transform our criminally sterilized world praising abstinence into a utopian favoring buzzing and tripping. It's no world that follows the plan of any higher being—it's the death of pain!

We learn in our days of revelry to think only the utmost impulsively and reject ourselves as being mentally present, as dream and fantasy is our reality. Incessant torture! Old curse tormenting the minds of our newer generations! It's as if pink elephants utter in our sleep that miserable jackasses with our heads in our groins and our dicks in our rumps. We're tools… gullible fools… none of us flees when the opportunity presents itself. It’s hard when 90-something percent of us are slurping lean out of a 99-cent straw. That is the actual vomiting at us, shouting how pathetic we are, and setting in motion the new lifestyle all must obey: forget and carry wayward.

All these banana peels I’m smoking got me inspired—made me phone up Earle Gray and persuade him to drive to the Bunny Ranch and have fun with a woman for once in his life. I mean, poor man will get AIDS being so queer, you know!

It's all a game. An evil little game. Cravings waiting in the shadows. Got no choice. I also phone Sierra, this time for a brand-new bottle of Adderall shipped right from the

pharmacy. Phenylpiracetam was not doing as well with the Chinese knockoffs. Hydrazide—it's always fucking hydrazide! There's nowhere to go. It's buzzing, ringing, so much… the verses of sick impulse can't conclude. What to do?

Some travesty is to befall me. I'm certain. Convinced. But give it again and they demand a surplus in your offer. Do we get that in clear pictorial chants? Shit on the BRICKS!! NAH!! That's absurd… so juvenile, right? We ain't no good-natured honest citizens eating the corn on the cobs. Pictionary is a good game to play when drunken ears hear jazz playing a couple of blocks down. The shit dick, fit for fit, free enterprise, coercive success.

Lars drops by to visit and hits someone point-blank in the face and gouges out their eyes on his way here. He claims to have dined on their silver shit—something of an expensive commodity in the prison system, in which urine and feces reign the dollars and coins of commerce.

That's some suburban fecal matter poetry that sounds like some of that shit from, uh, the back days, days gone back. Shit out of pisser and in utero. Watch a catatonic schizophrenic patient eat salad in paralyzed disequilibrium.

Once the sun hit, Darcy bit the fit and wasn't legit. His card was expired—but was it not for free? Yah? Eh? Or, perhaps, is it the Menace rung out from cis men who get their ass hair shaved by immigrant barbers in Jamaica.

Math is the philosophy of metaphysical decomposition superimposed onto—Wait! There was a section on that part of the document… ummm, right? Now… what was it again? How did it go? Was it… was it, "Shit has been awkward with the quality so low. The Prolactin Agency asked to confirm termination and take the check to a bank. Doubled the money on the clear web. Two empty boxes of Namenda in the room. Squirted—poured a small amount of water into them. Got hit with some methylene after ODing on amyls in a sauna in San Francisco. Some stupid methhead and his 'unorthodox ways' of reducing its uncomfortable effects."

Sierra has been, for the past 4–5 days, getting jack shit out of basic human morality and ethics to hole deep down the center. Abyss coordinates are at the vein for the same

purpose as God gave us... He's letting us decode our heads however we thought would be appropriate.

Power to the Lord Jesus Christ... his old hand-me-downs in a garage sale outside of town. Got some kind of magical properties. Telepathy was one, right? But... holy shit, are the boonies too dangerous for us, Major Woo. We're not roid-raging cuckoos who can tolerate those hot temperatures on 25i-nBOMe. You're the one and only. So strong! So brave! King of the people!

It hit like a grenade out of a locked box that looks like the internet's destruction of form and identity. Jump high, high. Its swimming circumcision second attempt was a success since the stovetop speed whippersnapper was getting paddled by the Itravil mensch.

Baked like a cake, a strawberry cake. FD&C Red-40 for the induction of attention deficit disorder. Shoot your shot to buy one, get one free on faces of burned Playboy models under thick foreskin tied around polyester handles of the Fear Complex.

Statistics point to phenestrogamine-deprived hormone junkies (those who strictly abuse testosterone, estrogen, and other bodily hormones for achieving their kicks) suffering more incidents of indulging in the echo chambers of dialysis induced by severe Benadryl addiction. Potheads are still enjoying new performances of Stoner's Apocalypse, play frightening the audience. Their bloodshot eyes make them see colors as red only.

Cul-de-sac boys fuck their prolapsed anuses using oversized dragon dildos lubricated with their cum. Earle Gray tries betting on which gigolo can smoke the most crack while his stud sticks cucumbers up boy butts to become a famous gay porn star.

There's a Zen proverb that says: when you eat, eat. When you drive, do nothing but drive. And when you have sex, have sex. In other words, allow yourself to be and live in the moment without any distractions. This is nonexistent in the junkie consciousness, almost something that brainwashes one into temperance and takes away their unrestrained freedom to do what they wish. It's difficult labor when you black out enough to end up with a capital murder charge that you have no memory of; rightly, you defame the notion since you have given up repentance. You ought to push the limit, because the body's feedback loop is

inescapable, and euphoria must be sought out through increased desire if one wants to feel like Superman on steroids eternally.

Memories didn't form amid the Bananadine intoxication probe into the deepest and densest depths of the cosmic oceans to make sense of our will, purpose, and hidden capacities. Instead, it moreso was manic pacing in a circle for as long as it took to develop blisters on my feet and public behavior deranged enough to end one up in a psychiatric hospital under a 72-hour involuntary hold, with the escort of the fuzz dragging you in bare-naked, chained head-to-toe like some rabid animal.

I was playing a dangerous game of touch. It's not like a completely dissociated, anesthetized individual can accrue the proper scientific—or let alone anecdotal—data with an invisible beam being blasted into your skull and rendering your hippocampus and temporal lobe virtually ineffective. Conjectures. That's the best model at your disposal.

AGENT K. OSS

INTERFERENCE

I’m sitting in this gray chair. In this gray room. In this gray air. In this gray feeling. Taste and hunger from small to large intestines numb like the quiet wind of the slithering miasma called existential dread that envelops the luminous, smog-devastated pathways ruled, always with an ironfirst, by the teeming, first-rate despotic vermin. Blood strewn in the bullseye of every bodily hole, mutilated ariund the outer pockets of varicose vein by arachnid specters bathing in the gangrene of mass eukaryotic hysteria, to the utter terror of the naked eye. Continues itching away thin crusts of cell walls; a measly few survive the onslaught.

Stung by the barbed words, the bitter pill of disillusionment. Here, in front yet afar, I feel the brisk wound’s piercing sting as an IV tube psychiatric fix violates my brimming blood cells, as this tainted, HIV-contaminated needle embedded in my epidermis, sucks away at my essential juices much like a flea spun on Tina.

The Dream Parasite weaves its insidious web around these oxygenated veins, casting them into a vasoconstriction spell. Ten cups of black coffee, four packets of sweetener masking the bitter taste in each cup, and chimney smoke from cheap cigarillos hawking lung cancer as if it were a "Made in China" bargain beta-endorphin fix.

Everything's stuck in limbo. The scorching sun's heat wave? Frozen in time. It's like a scrawny storm hovering up there. Sierra and I just wanna chill, away from this medical fetishist nightmare. So what if I'm stuck drying up here? Sierra's got a stash of Xanax,

tramadol, speed paste, and Robitussin. He's livin' it up, away from all the damn noise. That's what really matters, not selling my soul to PCP-induced madness.

Screw those ghouls and their nasty bed sores. They can't touch their damn crack pipes anymore. No more of that shit! And let everyone know it! Our fellow prisoners gotta get it too! Finally, the damn storm's gone. Time to patch up the nucleus accumbens, ventral tegmental area, and locus coeruleus until that next craving hits like a raging wildfire that just won't quit, raping your mind with all sorts of messed-up images. But hey, no matter how messed up Sierra and I are, we're still in this fight. Winning the war is way better, and that beautiful horizon? It's just around the corner.

These MK-ULTRA freaks drone real well to the melody of the Primary Source. I have no hard feelings wearing the hospital wristband. The jazz of those dreadful sensations from the trumpets of those nymphomaniacs is at bay—more predictability correlates to better chances of escaping, right? The odds are in our favor. Boosting OTC drugs in the slums for this permanent feeling? Forget it and don't tell me otherwise! I've heard enough lies! My compensation lies here for now. That sick bitch Sierra is off to "MOUTH FOAMING SIMULATION #72" to enjoy his rabies.

Fatigued in a boxed up little room near the main corridor in which the cold air seeped through every crevice. The ward felt cold and brisk; the night sky hardly illuminated the room I was trapped in. I imprisoned myself while under a psychiatric fix spell mixed with the mild crossfade of exhaustion, dehydration (the consequence of heavy diuretic consumption), all day, uncontrollable sexual tension for my love couldn't leave my filthy mind, and soreness from the back circling to the chest and radiating down the arms to the fingers and all the way to the fingernails. But a certain promise kept me going: Sierra needed that reward. I'm a man of my word after all. I don't deceive like that. Especially to my other half.

Interrupted by the smell of familiar chimney smoke coming from my hands. A lit cigarello was placed between my index and middle finger. *That's right! One was lit in my hand!* The earlier thoughts came rushing back.

Another plight? Another miscalculation of mine? No sir! This itch came back and was

quelled with food offered to my stunned state of mind. *You're a desperate bastard for being a beggar.*

Sitting in a waiting room and eating away. A nice old fellow was right across from me, smirking almost as if he knew I conned the psychiatrists in such a dirty, low-handed kind of way. He was right. I did. I was on a roll today with my antics.

Propranolol was hitting strong (a dose which was administered to me following my reenterance from the outside) and the tobacco buzz died down—but Sierra's reward was still to come… very very soon it was to come. I had to leave the nice gentleman to himself but was grateful for his telling of a drug combination, something his pill pusher in a suit offered him, which acted as a narcotic despite not being one: some kind of weird ibuprofen plus another drug combination. Seemed far-fetched to me but I bought it to cheer him up. He seemed worn down by their sick games too. After all, we were both prisoners of war in this fucking shithole.

I threw the backpack full of my journals onto the bed, and got to work: The bathroom would be the safest zone to operate in. My trousers and other attire flew across the room in one swift motion in an almost syncopated rhythm. The perspiration, dry mouth, mydriasis, and other adrenal fatigue symptoms were peaking stronger than a full sheet of Sunshine. My penis was hard enough to be able to stay in the same position even if a goddamn missile struck it right down the middle—truly an artistically perfect portrait! Golden ratio and everything.

My greased up paw running up and down, up and down, up and down… it never got tiring the more I fantasized about Sierra crying while strung out on speed and amyls. Doing this was defilement in the purest form. Every moment eclipsed the euphoria of molly orgasms.

A formula developed in which the more detailed the imagery, the closer I was to loosing it then and there in that quiet, empty bathroom and exploding all over the pristine tiles.

Ugly thoughts raced in my mind, my sick little mind, sick since birth and sick 'till

death, congenital like a genetic disease but one to cherish. Only a matter of time before restraint implodes and the volcano explodes.

Oh God… I can feel it… the force is on the tip—

The first shot out of the cannon came in under fifteen minutes after the mission's debut. There wasn't any ounce of friction holding it back—it was at full force. I recall a tense groan being let out in the heat of the moment and the eyes retreating into the back of the head as an arid breeze blew right across the face, neck, and pelvic area. It was a rather friendly wind, a cool embrace that brought about an immense sense of tranquility and serenity in that rapid second.

Second shot! Third! Fourth! Fifth! More erupted from the small chasm and beta-endorphins filled the veins. I was so high on these endogenous chemicals that even Propranolol couldn't do a dent to it. This was my cloud nine stint, the best I could hope for here.

Reflecting on the chemical affair insofar as time permits with the industrial drones of those mindless tools getting ever uneasier, while a chore, is all a part of this conforming act I got going on. The game of chess is unequivocally a demonstration of game theory shat out by the Radio Senate and its employees, fashioned in such a way to manufacture atrophied preference. Those suits and ties fancy it like a long lost Bible gospel and expect me to just take it in the arse like a cul-de-sac boy. Frustrating and despicable, a sin worse than life itself, something one wishes gonorrhea would replace, its what's called the Menace. It drives me to fight every day and to draw breath from my lungs.

Enjoyed two used butts off the ground. Had to hide the shameful act in front of the others. The jig may be up and they may have inferred by the blatantly obvious clues, but the cope of going into hiding and lighting away the fireworks of two half-smoked butts made it slightly easier to ease myself into. Embarrassment now should be as good to me as a watered-down reefer buzz hitting all corners of my thinking cap in a few minutes flat and ending right then and there.

It's nothing! Lighting ‘em off dirty pavement for a tobacco rush eclipses listening to

those goddamn oddballs running the F.S.A. Everyone has a defense mechanism they employ to survive this loser's game of chess to make ends meet, even while starving for a solution.

The feeling is approaching. The dread and misery were all too familiar. Claustrophobia kicked in strongly and therefore resulted in an exponential growth of the boiling hot water flooding the terrain.

There were plenty of hazy recollections of sexual frustration dilemma ingredients. It made way for the feeble coherence in the air, to rid the live forms of the world at large, selling themselves out like prostitutes to this strange inconsistency.

Bitter to the core, bones rattling, voice hoarse, worn down by the brewing operation set up against us. No place feels like home—it's a frightening existence! The Dream Parasite's dysphoric tendency rots away at the brain, with all cylinders firing to the gothic reverb of the miserable, sick-in-the-head nausea originating from the peptic hollow clitoris abyss. I see goodness in this mutilation. It gets so disheartening to witness short-lived attenuation suddenly fold back into itself and a terrible nostalgia resurfaces in its place. All things are hopeless to me. This is a circular madness that refuses to back down and sheepishly follows the crackhead philosophy of the "five minute buzz notion", in which the only true happiness lies in a twisted misunderstanding of pain and pleasure: Get fucked up and in a euphoric daze for five minutes tops in exchange for hours, or even days worth, of unimaginable suffering until the next hussle succeeds.

When does this end? Does lamentation hold a candle to its sheer difficulty? The Reader's prayers may not suffice in this hotter climate. Our grip repeatedly loses itself in a spun out derangement of the senses, only to be grounded by sheer luck from the distractions of *Stoner's Apocalypse*.

The wind blowing from the southside, the commercialized ambiance of the metal street busy with mechanical business, amid yet another week of aimless roaming rolling like a stone stuck in this purgatory on a hallucinogenic bender; backpack strapped tightly on both shoulders, geeked out eyes darting in my general direction at a high magnitude, waist paper thin and frail showing bone and muscle of the withered curse of having no home.

These facility's psychiatrists are primed for any opportune moment to eat me alive whole and well like fresh meat from the meat market. My discontented well-being strung out from too much dexxing, the direct result of downing 40 (?) Robitussin gel caps, now slushing left-to-right and right-to-left in my gut. This ordinary habit was fully erect in front of safe spaces and attempted euthanasia surgical operations by divine beings, but was aptly an efficient antidote for the poison, seldom sane transitions by late-stage capitalism, merchants with little to offer me.

Be a gentleman like me and relinquish control to the Dream Parasite. It will stir a certain clarity that takes time to even begin to imagine what it is in your daze and confusion. It propels and bounces back downwards in an almost psychedelic thought loop kind of way. An instantaneous communication to Sierra is shipped off in sublime packaging and finally soothes the salt-laced wound that was causing a rift in my "special mission".

"Hon, ya got my fix yet?" The junkie bitch hollered from the corner. He was going cold turkey off some pain pills he was dependent on. Was it oxys? Oh right! The bitch wanted them for some time and I happily gave them out like candy (what a good citizen!) while geeked out on speed. Foaming so damn hard from the mouth and I could observe him buying into the thrifty deals and offers promised by the Primary Source.

He suddenly cried some fetishist line: “Hon, do that pretty please and I'll lick up your sugary, white waste. Y'know, that devilish thing you do to me and all. Can't be so neurotoxic to me, right?”. Triggered a desired cascade effect starting from the brain and ending at the penile blood vessels. Cialis was administered.

What level of excitotoxicity was he shooting himself up with? Freak— No, a freak of fucking nature! But—I love it to death! Ought to fry those little neurons of his to bloody smithereens, raped to fucking nothing, vomit all over it, disgusting piece of art in all its washed-out form.

The urge is seething.... “I'm leaking baby! The fuckin' floor got my fluids on it; shit covered to the top.... Ain't it sooooo amazing?”

Shut it, bitch! Fucking rabies slut!

Time frozen. Sounds mute. Hit hard by dark triad mental masturbation in the lavatory, sink running, shower dry, skin frisson burning, eyes wandering in a soporific repetition. No interference. No interruptions. No bad vibrations. No static in the air. Teeth yellow as the sun, piss littered with AIDS and syphilis from street whores and that junkie bitch fiending in the corner. Incest rituals engulf me as Sierra pulls up his cunt. The Dream Parasite awakens the dark creature lurking inside me. It sees his pretty pink flesh, his healthy cells, his empty mind, his rabies symptoms, his feebleness and helplessness, his hairless neck, his structurally perfect torso, and the rest of his sublime anatomy.

Liars! The psychiatrists fed me a delusive artifice: some pseudoscience skit for spergs. The bullies bring out some low-life, old bitch who utters out of one of her ghastly orfices, "N-NOOO HOODIE ON MISTER! CHING CHONG DING DONG..." The rest is uttered in Chinese and can only be translated as such in my American ears. I wonder... is being liberated something that costs money nowadays? Or was it ever free?

The heat keeps cranking up; my soft membrane is in flames. I swear, this blows worse than the steam of some obese harlot performing at a scat porn audition for some rapist calling himself an "artist". Some kind of sick joke; even something I wouldn't cackle at.

Met an eccentric in the wild; seemed to carry some positive vibes with him and had the whole bohemian get up and everything. His soul was literally connected to the plants, bugs, and breeze of the afternoon air and I felt his spirit. We officially acquainted ourselves with one another using an argot only we understood. He knew by my overt disposition that I too was connected to Terminal Zero. I mean, I was more than just "tuned in"; I was balls fucking deep. I'm not ready to leave it all behind for some "normal life" type shit pitched by those shady salesmen.

Paper ripple effect, juxtaposed words play out like vibrating strings on a guitar and keys on a keyboard, a specific tune achieved through this novel project—this is no mere display of spontaneous decision. I've been riding a wave that never breaks, displaced about the lands from one corner to another in a spiritual pilgrimage: A devoid of purpose labor in finding my soul; out there in the F.S.A. with a suitcase full of mind-altering chemicals, tools

which serve a good purpose—to induce apathetic rumination (separation of bias from the self) in order to reach Terminal Zero, which is necessary in my search, search for an identity.

Quiet gentleman sitting at my desk…. The radio was tuned to my favorite station…. The restroom drained from my earlier "thing"…. MCR on full volume.

(Yawn.) Boooring… same old shit. The fatigue is eying me for whenever the time comes to pass out right then and there in this public space. It wasn't a full hour ago that I was plopped on the bathroom floor choking the chicken to Sierra's nudes, ones which I, like the good citizen I am, retrieved directly from a nearby printer. My cock looked so fucking red and sore after the lapse in conforming behavior—it became too hard to resist.

Men and women in nice fancy suitss get on my fucking nerves more than so-called hippies (an epidemic of the 21st century) for Christ's sake! A few occasions, I'd either storm out of the room, get an urge to grab my nuts with one hand and flip the bird with another, retire to the nearest potty room and go ape shit with sexual fantasies concerning Sierra, convert a majority of my vocabulary to slurs, and turn up the volume on my radio to make some fucking noise and stir some trouble.

They threw the hammer! They did it for real! Oh the balls on those bulls!!! It disgusts me worse than the anal prolapse videos on Heavy-R.com. However—the reality may have been a bit overplayed. Just l'appel du vide, the “last words” before my involuntary communion to the hauntingly unforgettable westside parts of Third Ward. I can't go back to the urbanite fools hustling, cheating, lying, and stealing away life even with no remnants but void misery. I feel it closing in…. But why the hell on an Easter Sunday of all days? There's no doubt in my mind that Christ himself would see it as a sin.

Old habits are quite the disappointment in the eyes of my immediate family; they are fairly sensible and refined. Mother cries her eyes out feeling unhelpful against the Menace and Father wants to light a cracker up my ass in order for me to exterminate it.

Days worsen if I keep allowing the existence of the Dream Parasite. The Menace is always that remains. Do what one ought to do to survive, right? Agent K. Oss is forever supportive during this spiritual test of my will and sacrifice. There's to be no games or cheap

tricks.

THE END

Underplugged follows a speed-freak subterranean's restless battle with the Menace, a dark force symbolizing the essence of chemical dependence, as he experiments with various hallucinogenic and depressant compounds, reported via radio and television transmissions, punctuated by asides from his drug-induced alter ego, Agent K. Oss. Alongside his partner Sierra and longtime friend Darcy, he chases the elusive Terminal Zero headspace, a "cure-all" for addiction, while dissociated vignettes sketch grotesque caricatures of modern society, each more disordered than the last.

About the Author

James Ridner (2019–Present) is an American transgressive, horror and punk author, known for blending elements of grotesque imagery, philosophical satire and nonlinear storytelling. His work aims to challenge convention through political and social provocation. Since 2019, he has published under the pen names Leon Avernicus, Melchior Weiss and Thomas Vancura, each with a distinct voice and thematic focus.